

When Amelia realized the lunch boxes contained all her favorite food, she couldn't help but look at Casper coyly.

Lowering her head, she began to dig in.

Meanwhile, Casper enjoyed looking at the way she behaved.

“Thank you.” Amelia beamed as she rubbed her slightly bulging belly.

Turning to his side, Casper stared at Amelia's side profile with a smile. “This is nothing. Aren't we friends?”

Amelia nodded.

Once they finished, Casper packed up and sent Amelia back to her dorm. After that, he headed out of the university.

He wanted to visit Horington food street which he had purchased earlier.

By the time he managed to get a taxi to go there, it was already afternoon. The drivers refused to take him once they heard where he was going. It wasn't until Casper offered one of them a big tip did he manage to get one to take him.

Casper was aware of the rumors about the place being haunted. However, he had not expected it to have escalated to this extent.

There must be something big going on there.

Perhaps, it could be leveraged to increase the footfall

in the food street.

Standing at the entrance of Horington food street, the place looked bleak to him as there were only two to three street lamps with dim yellow lights.

The shops on both sides of the street were all empty.

Squatting down, Casper fiddled his pockets but didn't manage to find any cigarettes.

“What's on your mind?” At that moment, Elena happened to arrive and stood beside Casper.

All Casper could see was a pair of slender legs in ballerina pumps. Elena has beautiful legs, they are both long and straight.

After staring at them for a few seconds, he turned his gaze away.

“I am thinking about how to develop this street. It's just too quiet and empty at night...”

Elena nodded in agreement. “You're right. Everywhere else is brightly lit except for this place.”

“I heard it's haunted here.” Casper looked around and felt as if something had just flashed past.

Despite looking around vigilantly, he didn't notice anything.

What's going on?

He was sure that he felt something. But why don't I see anything?

Just when Casper furrowed his eyebrows, Elena suddenly felt a chill down her spine. Hugging her

chest, her voice trembled. “Don't... don't scare me. Is this place really haunted?”

Casper nodded but cast the idea to the back of his mind. “That's right. That's what the rumor says anyway. Or else, why doesn't anyone come at night?”

“In that case... it must be really scary here. Shall we leave then?”

When Casper saw how frightened Elena was, he couldn't help but laugh. After he stood up, he dusted his pants.

“What are you afraid of? Don't you have me here? Besides, it's not even six o'clock yet. Ghosts only come out at night, don't they?”

Scanning her surroundings, Elena wasn't convinced. “Despite that, the sun sets earlier in summer. It's

already getting dark here...”

Seized by fear, she could feel her hair stand on end.

At that moment, she regretted not stopping Casper from buying up the street.

“Ah...” Casper suddenly screamed as he looked ahead in horror.

Jumping into his arms, Elena covered her head and shrieked, “Ahhhh! Is there a ghost?”

With her eyes closed, all she could feel was Casper shivering. At that moment, her fears intensified as something horrifying must have caused Casper, who wasn't afraid of anything, to tremble.

Elena choked, “Are... are you alright?”

When Casper didn't reply, she gathered her courage and lifted her gaze. She saw Casper holding back his laughter with a mischievous look on his face.

“You... you!” She instantly realized that she had been pranked by him.

With her face red in anger, she knitted her eyebrows and glared furiously at him.

“Alright. I'm sorry.”

As Casper's voice was hoarse from holding back his laughter, he sounded exceptionally magnetic, causing Elena's blush to intensify.

When his alluring voice rang out in her ears, they turned red accordingly. She was unable to tell if they were red from anger or embarrassment.

“Don't tease me anymore. Or I... will not forgive you.”

Casper nodded and replied seriously, “Fine. It's my fault. I won't do it again.”

Looking at the street, Casper stroked his chin.

“Since this place is known to be haunted, perhaps, we can turn it into a show.”

“What? Are you starting an entertainment company? What do you need a show for?”

Casper shook his head. “Of course not. Superstition no longer has a place in modern society. As responsible citizens, we must dispel the rumors.”

Elena rolled her eyes when Casper referred to himself as a responsible citizen. Are you sure?

However, she still had to clarify his intention. “Do you want to investigate the rumors regarding how the place is haunted?”

“Of course. Not only are we going to get to the bottom of it, but we will also film the process and let the press report the result.”

Casper could imagine how popular the place would become once the rumors were dispelled.

“So, how should we go about it?” After pacing around, Elena turned to Casper and asked, “What do you think if we set a trap? I have heard about the rumors here before. They say that one needed to close shop before midnight; or else, the place would suddenly be filled with white smoke, and dark figures would begin to appear.”

After grunting in acknowledgment, Casper began to

explain the outline of his plan that had formed in his head.

“Firstly, which is also the most important, the shops along this street should have top-notch cleanliness. Secondly, we will need to bring in some skillful chefs who can make good food. Once that's done, all that's left is marketing. After all, we need to make sure everyone knows about this street.”

“Perhaps, we can take advantage of the situation by setting it up as a horror-themed food street.”

Elena was shocked by Casper's idea. Gaping for a long while, it took her some time to regain her composure. “How do you plan to do that?”

“Once this street is opened, we can discuss with the local authorities to turn it into a walking street after seven o'clock in the evening. We can then renovate

the place to make it look like hell itself while our staff will put on special makeup. Moreover, the lighting should be darkened but still bright enough to see clearly...”

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Chapter 92



The glimmer of excitement in Elena's eyes became brighter and brighter as Casper continued to share with her the plan he had in mind.

Establishing an exotic-themed food street after debunking the circulating ghost stories here is such a clever idea! No doubt this unique food street will cause a sensation!

In an instant, her respect and admiration for Casper grew. She thought he would suffer a loss in his current investment, but little did she know that he had long had a strategy in mind.

“Your idea is amazing! When shall we begin?” she exclaimed excitedly.

She could hardly wait to invite people from various television stations to come and spread the news to the public.

He patted her shoulder with a grin. “There is no need to hurry. First, we need to investigate the background of the person who purposely makes this place appear haunted.”

After all, being able to pull this trick for so long is really something.

After that, Casper and Elena further discussed the plan for the food street before going back to the campus.

As she went on her way, his words just now fully occupied her mind. The longer she pondered about the plan, the more confident she was in the future success of the food street.

Meanwhile, since Casper did not have much to do later, he strolled down the street, heading to a bus stop nearby. Just as he was about to reach there, he saw a bus coming and immediately hopped onto the bus to his university.

After passing through several stops, he finally arrived at the university's entrance two hours later.

By now, the sky had darkened, and the street lights

were lit.

Not long after he got off the bus, he bumped into two acquaintances outside the gate.

Kitty was smiling bashfully in Charlie's embrace with his new car stopped at the roadside.

After Charlie whispered something into her ear, she pounded on his chest coquettishly as a warm blush crept across her cheeks.

Casper clicked his tongue in contempt. A scumbag and a wench!

Rolling his eyes, he opted to ignore them and headed straight to the campus.

However, Charlie did not want to let the opportunity slide away. Tightening his arms around his girlfriend's

waist, he peered down at Casper and called, “Yo! Where have you been? Coming back from your part-time job?”

“It's none of your business,” Casper replied monotonously, not bothered to engage in further talks with them.

Upon hearing their conversation, Kitty averted her gaze from her boyfriend and sized Casper up scornfully. “Luckily, I've broken up with you.”

Pleased at her attitude, Charlie beamed at her and planted a kiss on her face affectionately.

On the other hand, their public display of affection caused a wave of revulsion to sweep through Casper, totally ruining his good mood.

“That's enough. Instead of causing trouble every day,

you two should go to class more. What's the point of doing all this nonsense?" Casper waved his hand with a disgusted look. "I wonder how you can bring yourself to kiss that face of hers. Can't you see that thick layer of makeup she's wearing? Look at yourself, dude. Your lips are powder white."

Hearing Casper's remark, Charlie could not help but touch his lips out of instinct. Meanwhile, Kitty immediately turned red with anger as she glowered at him. "You said that because you never get to kiss me! It's sour grapes!"

Looking at her acrimonious manner, Casper shook his head in regret. Was I blind? Why would I fall for this witch previously?

Then, he glanced at her chest mockingly and nodded at her. "Uh-huh. They do look like grapes."

“Argh!” Kitty was so exasperated that she started stomping her foot and snapped, “I didn't know you're such a foul-mouthed person!”

Knowing that Casper was paying no mind to him, Charlie turned indignant as well. “Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to my girlfriend like that!”

“Okay. I'll take my leave then. Work is exceptionally exhausting today. Let me go back and rest.” Casper waved, bidding them goodbye.

Before Charlie could say more, Casper left right away.

Irritated, he kicked the stone at the side and huffed. D*mn it!

I'll have to teach Casper a lesson!

Since Casper was quite popular in the university,

Jessica soon found out some of his details.

She snatched the paper from her hired private investigator and tore it into pieces, livid.

As the heiress of the Taylor family, how could I let this poor guy tricked me?

Besides, I even got slapped by Amelia today!

Jessica strode to the window as a cold glint flashed across her eyes. “D*mn you, Casper. I’ll make you pay!”

While over on the other side, Casper was sleeping soundly in his room, completely unaware that he was targeted by two people.

The weather was good the next day, so he planned to meet up with Elena after attending classes for the day

to talk more about the food street plan with her.

When he stepped out of the campus, he suddenly noticed that a few vicious-looking, burly men with tattoos were trailing him. All of the passers-by around them subconsciously avoided them out of fear.

As Casper walked down the street, he was racking his brain to think about the person who had sent that group of people to follow him.

He pondered for a long time but to no avail. How can I know which one is it? I've got too many enemies!

Nonetheless, he decided to go to a desolate alley. However, when he was about to turn the corner and head into the backstreet, someone pulled him by his arm and dragged him to the main street.

A fragrant smell wafted into his nose, and he turned

his head in surprise, only to see Giselle's pretty side profile beside him.

She eyed him nervously and said in a hushed voice, "There is a group of men trailing you. You should follow me to a crowded place."

He went silent for a moment before nodding in reply.

Actually, he planned to lure those men to the alley and beat them up, but Giselle had disrupted his plan.

Although he was a tad upset, he did not have the heart to reject her act of kindness.

With her eyebrows furrowed deeply, she asked, "Who did you mess with?"

Seeing her frown, he quickly said, "Ah, don't furrow your brows. I'm okay. Don't worry about it. No one can

hurt me. I can fight well.” He punched the air playfully.

His action instantly brought a smile onto her once-gloomy face. “It'd never crossed my mind that you're a good fighter. Haha. But since you said that you're good at it, I'll believe you then.”

“Trust me. Those guys mean nothing to me,” he said, turning around to find those men again, but she immediately clutched his arm and coaxed, “Fine. I know you're very powerful, but I'm worried that you might get hurt.”

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Chapter 93



As Giselle took Casper to a packed, public place, those muscular men were still hot on their trail.

She shot a look at him, and he nodded reluctantly before dashing into the crowd nearby.

Seeing him sprinting away all of a sudden, the men behind them also ran in that direction. Meanwhile, Giselle quickly dashed in another direction and kept glancing back to check on his condition.

After she was sure that Casper had outrun them, she heaved a sigh of relief and strode toward the place they had agreed on beforehand.

While over on the other side, Casper was slumped in his seat in a restaurant. Upon seeing Giselle coming inside, he immediately sat straight and acted nonchalantly.

However, she had seen it all and chuckled as she walked toward him. “You can sit however you want.”

Ignoring her teasing remark, he cleared his throat in embarrassment and handed the menu to her. “Meal's on me.”

“No, thank you. It's on me.” She waved her hand politely.

“You helped me today. I should be the one to foot the bill.” With that, he waved to a server and summoned him over to their table.

As the server reached them, he was dazed by Giselle's beauty for a moment before scrutinizing Casper's appearance.

Tsk, I didn't expect a broke guy to be able to date such a beautiful woman.

After she finished ordering her food, she put down the menu and slid it to Casper. Without looking through it, he told the server that he would have the same.

The server took the menu and smiled at Giselle before turning on his heel and left, hardly sparing a second glance at Casper.

Even though Casper noticed his attitude, he did not say anything. After all, as a person who had been through a lot, he could not care less about petty people like that server.

After that, Giselle leaned in closer to him and inquired worriedly, “Why were those guys after you? Are you sure you'll be alright? I think we should go to the police. What if they attack you?”

As she continued to persuade him to seek help, he

was rather touched by her genuine concern.

Smiling, he patted her hand and comforted her. "It's okay. I can handle it myself. Even though I look like an ordinary student, I'm actually pretty good in martial arts."

After living through the hellish training my grandfather arranged for me back then, I'm no longer the same as the other rich kids who only know forms of combat skills. But the past is in the past, so there's no need to mention any of it to her.

His confidence eased Giselle's worry substantially. She nodded in reply and said, "Take care of yourself, alright? Don't get hurt."

Staring at her captivating eyes, he was mesmerized by her beauty once again.

“Okay.” He grinned in response and nodded, feeling as if on cloud nine.

Just then, the server arrived at their table with a food trolley and gently served a plate of steak to Giselle.

She nodded with a smile. “Thank you.”

Then, he gave Casper the side-eye. How could a man like him date a beauty like her? He doesn't deserve her.

Casper saw his scornful look and urged with a monotonous voice, “Hurry up and leave once you're done.”

The server put down his steak heavily onto the table with a thud, and the sauce splashed onto Casper's shirt.

Seeing that the server was going to leave without a care, Casper's face fell instantly. "Hold it right there. Did I say you can leave now?"

"How may I help you?" The server turned back around and rolled his eyes at Casper.

Casper let out a scoff and pointed to his shirt. "Is this the way you should treat a customer? Don't you see that you've stained my shirt?"

With a bored expression, the server slapped a white napkin onto the table before grabbing a piece of tissue and handed it to Casper. "It's just a few drops of sauce. Your cheap shirt will be fine. Do I really have to wipe it for you?"

Having enough of his impudence, Casper bellowed, "What kind of attitude is this?"

He was the one who did it, but he has absolutely no guilt at all! How ill-mannered!

His previously smiling face turned into a frightening look of rage.

Taking a deep breath to compose himself, he said to the server, "Get your manager here."

However, the server was unwilling to listen to Casper. Instead, he took out a fifty from his pocket and retorted, "That's enough. Aren't you just trying to blackmail me? That shirt is probably just thirty at most. This should be more than enough to pay for it."

Sitting at the side, Giselle also could not bear the server's attitude anymore. She rose to her feet in an instant and berated him, "You're the one who dirtied his shirt. Please mind your words."

She puffed out her flushed cheeks and stared at the server, her chest heaving in indignation.

On the other hand, Casper was taking great pleasure in seeing her protecting himself.

However, he did not let his gleeful emotion show on his face. “Go on and call your manager here.”

“Why are you still insisting on calling my manager? Did I not give you compensation already?” the server snapped.

His brusque words caused Giselle to almost burst with rage. “Since we can afford to dine here, do you think we would lack a fifty?”

Casper had no intention of continuing the conversation with the server. He took out a few hundred from his wallet and gave it to a female server

standing at the side. “Hi. Can you get your manager here? This is for you.”

Her eyes instantly brightened up in delight. Since she was not close to that colleague, she took the cash happily and went to their manager at once.

The concerned server's face fell immediately. I had never been humiliated like this. ”What do you want from me?”

Casper let out a scoff and gave him a nonchalant shrug. “Nothing really. We just want the manager to come.”

Soon, the manager arrived. He was a pot-bellied, middle-aged man who looked like a scheming, calculative person.

“Hello. How may I help you? What happened here?”

the manager inquired, giving Casper and Giselle a big smile.

Seeing that the manager was here, the server immediately started spewing out nonsense. “Sir, please help me. This male customer accidentally spilled some sauce on himself and blamed it on me. I didn't want this to become a big issue, so I offered him fifty as compensation. But this man is pushing it too far and wants to file a complaint against me.”

Then, he pointed to the fifty on the table. “Please have a look, sir. The money I gave is still there.”

Giselle was furious to the core. “Y-You are talking nonsense! You were the one who spilled it on him! How could you twist the truth and lie through your teeth?”

Meanwhile, Casper was as cool as a cucumber. “I'm

greatly disappointed with the staff attitude of this restaurant, but the top-notch ability to tell blatant lies does surprise me.” His voice was dripping with sarcasm.

The server's lie did not make Casper panic. Narrowing his eyes, he was more curious about what the manager would do next.

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Chapter 94



The manager glanced from the unhappy server to the fuming Giselle. He then looked at Casper questioningly.

Realization dawned upon him after a moment.

Selecting his words with care, the manager said, “Are you saying that my server spilled the sauce on you? Do you have any proof?”

Casper instantly deduced that the manager was intent on defending his employee.

Giselle's face grew livid with rage. Sneering, she replied, “Do you have any proof for his accusation of us spilling the sauce on ourselves?”

The manager refused to reply. Instead, he turned to his assistant and asked her to fetch the female server who had collected Casper's bill.

“Lacey, did you see him spill the sauce on this gentleman?” The manager asked.

Four pairs of eyes instantly fastened their gazes onto Lacey. She instinctively recoiled. Fearing for her employment, Lacey decided to withdraw herself entirely from the affair.

“I don't know. I was busy at that moment and wasn't able to keep track of what was going on over here,” Lacey said meekly.

The other server inwardly heaved a sigh of relief.

The manager smiled patronizingly at Casper and Giselle. “If there's no proof that our server was the one who caused this incident, you can't blame us for it,” he said smoothly.

During his entire engagement with Casper and Giselle, the manager had been keenly assessing their clothing. He had determined that they were of below-average means and were merely seeking to avoid

having to pay their bill.

The manager prided himself in his ability to handle and resolve conflicts that arose within the restaurant. A small matter like this, he privately thought, was beneath his level of expertise.

Casper's face grew thunderous. His lips had parted, trembling, and he was about to speak when a dainty voice called out from behind him, arresting his speech. "I've never seen you so humiliated before!"

Struck by the familiarity of the voice, Casper whipped around to see Victoria sauntering breezily towards them, a smile lurked at the corners of her lips.

In a bright, sparkling voice, Victoria said, "Isn't the solution simple? Just take a look at the surveillance footage in your restaurant. Why bother trying to guess who's right?"

Giselle darted a glance at Victoria. She was the epitome of feminine charm, exuding an enchanting aura that held its beholder mesmerized in Victoria's honeyed gaze.

Giselle, in sharp contrast, radiated an air of gentleness and warmth. She made whoever she was with feel as if they had finally arrived back home.

Either woman would have turned heads in a crowd. Both of them now stood each on either side of Casper.

Casper, however, remained seemingly unfazed by his good fortune. He fixed Victoria with a piercing gaze, asking, "Ms. Stalling, what brings you here?"

"If I didn't come, you'd have been bullied to no end!" Victoria teased, wagging a finger at him playfully.

Victoria was wearing a fitting gown that highlighted her lovely curves. If Victoria had been transported onto a fashion show's runway that moment, she would have blended right in. Casper sighed inwardly in pleasure.

What a waste! He reflected privately. If she'd chosen the life of a celebrity, her path would already have been paved for her.

“You're right, Ms. Stalling. If you hadn't arrived, I would indeed have suffered a great deal,” Casper replied pleasantly, humoring Victoria.

Victoria's gaze lingered on Casper for a while, then turned abruptly to Giselle, who had been gaping in wonder at Victoria's beauty. Victoria raised her eyebrows, then gushed at Casper in mock jealousy, “Where did you find this beauty? She's so much

prettier than I am! I'm ashamed to even stand next to her.”

Having thus declared, Victoria turned to Giselle and gave her a conspiratorial wink.

Giselle could feel her cheeks burning scarlet with embarrassment. She lowered her gaze, then muttered shyly in reply, “You're far prettier than me!”

Victoria giggled happily. She flashed Giselle a dazzling smile, then remarked approvingly, “She's not only beautiful, she's got such a charming personality too!”

Casper looked at Victoria in awe.

He knew very well the effect Victoria had on men and the way she used it freely to her advantage. This was the first time he had witnessed Victoria's way with

women and was amazed to see that she was no less expert at handling her own sex.

“Don't say that. She's a teacher at my school,” Casper retorted.

The manager wiped a drop of cold sweat from his trembling brow. He had not expected that this shabbily-dressed customer would know Ms. Stalling.

The manager gave the trio before him a forced smile. “Sir, we must have been mistaken. We deeply apologize for the wrongful assumption. By way of apology, this meal is on the house. Please forgive us.”

Casper snorted, dismissing the manager's apology with a wave of his hand. “What, aren't we going to examine the surveillance cameras?”

The smile on the manager's face had wavered and

turned into a grimace. He suddenly turned to the server and snapped, “What were you thinking? How could you have been so careless as to spill sauce on this gentleman? Apologize to him at once!”

The server paled at the manager's abrupt shift in tone. She hastily bowed to Casper and Giselle, mumbling, “I'm sorry! It was my fault entirely. I was afraid to get scolded for it and pushed the blame to you.”

She then turned to the manager with tears in her eyes, pleading, “Please don't fire me! I'm very sorry.”

The entire scene seemed absurd to Casper. He batted away the server's profuse apologies, drawling, “Forget it. I'm not petty enough to continue pursuing this matter.”

The manager felt as if the burden on his shoulders had instantly lifted. Gratefully, he asserted, “Your

meal will be on the house.”

Casper nodded without a word. Just as the manager and his server were about to escape, however, Casper called after them, “Please get this server to continue waiting on us.”

The manager and the server halted in their tracks. In a low voice, the manager whispered sternly, “You'd better be on your best behavior. If anything else goes awry, I'll fire you immediately.”

The server looked immensely vexed but resigned to her fate nonetheless. “Got it.”

The manager turned back and flashed Casper a tight smile. “I've warned her against any funny business. She'll do her best to serve you.”

“Tsk. You're really out to get her,” Victoria remarked,

smirking.

Casper shrugged carelessly. "There's nothing for her to worry about," he replied.

Victoria glanced at her watch and her face sobered immediately.

"I've got other matters to attend to. I'll leave the two of you in peace now. Remember to treat me to a meal sometime to thank me for helping you today," Victoria said, grinning wickedly at Casper. She then turned around and hurried off, her heels clicking sharply.

As she watched Victoria's departing figure shrink into the distance, Giselle turned to Casper and asked curiously, "Who was that?"

Casper was startled by Giselle's interest.

Had Giselle really been that smitten by Victoria? He mused.

Casper, however, answered Giselle with a straight face. "That was Victoria, the owner of Victoria's Chamber on Pine Street. Don't be fooled by her easygoing manner. She isn't as simple as she makes herself out to be."

Casper had exaggerated Victoria's negative qualities on purpose. He was doing his best to discourage Giselle from further striking up an acquaintance with Victoria. Most importantly, Casper was anxious that Victoria's careless, flirtatious manner would rub off on Giselle.

The other servers who had been watching the entire incident unfold were green with envy. It wasn't fair, they thought, that this man could enjoy the company of two such beautiful women both at once.

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Chapter 95



After dinner, Casper suggested that they visit Horington food street. Everything was already in place at Horington food street. Earlier, Casper had commanded the installation of pinhole cameras at multiple locations distributed along the length of the street.

Casper's intention for heading there that day was not to partake in the sumptuous fare offered all along the street. Rather, he wanted to capture those who were the masterminds of the fabled haunting of Horington food street.

Stallion had helpfully brought a few of his lackeys along to add to their numbers.

Elena had been intimidated at first, but her curiosity soon convinced her to trail along.

She now sat inside one of the shops that had a clear view of the street outside, which she nervously glanced at intermittently.

Two strapping brutes sat on either side of Elena, dwarfing her petite frame. They sat staring ahead gravely, entirely focused on watching over Elena's safety.

They, too, had pinhole cameras attached discreetly to them to record any untoward incidents that might occur.

As an added layer of security, Stallion had set up a post in a private room within the shop, carefully monitoring the live footage.

The pinhole cameras strategically placed throughout Horington food street covered practically every angle and crevice conceivable.

Casper was hidden in a dark corner somewhere, like a predator waiting to spring.

Time ticked steadily away. When Elena checked her watch next, it read ten minutes to midnight.

“Anything?” Casper asked from his hiding spot in a room on the second floor of a shop along Horington food street. Concealed by the curtains, Casper would remain invisible unless the situation became irremediable.

Peering at his screen, Stallion replied shortly, "Nothing."

The crowd had vanished, leaving in its wake the empty streets lit gloomily by the dim yellow glow of several street lamps. Elena bit her lip, feeling a sudden surge of fear within her.

Sensing Elena's concern, Casper muttered into his earpiece to soothe her, "Don't worry, I'm here."

In Casper's room was another setup from which he had the master control over all of the surveillance cameras and their footage.

Besides, Casper's room also afforded him an unobstructed view of the entire street.

Ding! Ding! Ding! The clock in the shop chimed, punctuating the silence. It was midnight.

Everything was about to begin. Elena twisted both hands together apprehensively, her gaze riveted on the street beyond the window.

Just as the clock had struck twelve, dense white smoke had begun spreading from the end of the street. Casper thought that he could detect black shadows moving within its cover. Casper, too, had dressed entirely in black. Wearing a facial mask, he now peeked out from behind the window with his eyes trained on the black figures below.

Elena was so tense that she felt as if her whole body had gone numb. She had prepared herself for odd things to happen but was nonetheless still taken aback when they did.

All of a sudden, the fan in the shop turned on and began spinning energetically of its own accord.

“Ah!” Elena shrieked, reflexively clutching the muscular arm of the guard beside her.

He blanched and instantly stiffened. Elena's fingernails had sunk deep into his skin as she hung onto his arm for dear life. In a gruff voice, the guard stammered awkwardly, “Ms. Schneider, please let go of me.”

Before they could protect her from anyone, Elena would already have put her guards out of action.

The guard's pleas, however, seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. Paralyzed by terror, Elena continued clamping the guard's arm.

At the sight of the peculiar scene before him, Casper hurriedly spoke into his Bluetooth earpiece, “How are you all doing over there?”

“We're fine. Ms. Schneider's clinging onto me so tightly that I think she's going to take my hand off,” the guard replied ruefully.

Despite the tense atmosphere, Casper couldn't help but break into a grin. “Elena, everything will be fine,” he called affectionately.

When Elena heard Casper's voice faintly emit from the guard's earpiece, she felt somewhat comforted. However, she insisted feebly, “I think there are ghosts haunting this place.”

“What ghosts? Those things don't exist. Aren't you a university graduate? How can you be so superstitious? The white smoke is obviously artificial!” Casper reassured Elena confidently.

Privately, however, he was slightly distressed to find

that the electrical supply had been shut off, rendering his strategically-placed surveillance cameras useless. Fortunately, Casper had ensured that each of them wore body cameras. Not all vision was entirely lost then.

“Come on, let's go hunt some ghosts,” Casper said grimly. The thugs he had kept lying in wait in the darkness now charged forth into the white smoke.

The guard sitting beside Elena, however, was helpless. Elena's grip was like iron, and the guard could not wrestle himself free for fear of hurting her.

Casper observed the situation as it unfolded before his watchful gaze. When the group enveloped within the white smoke discovered that they were under attack, they had immediately dispersed and fled.

Alarmed, Casper hastily asked into his earpiece,

“What's happening in the shop? They should have discovered the surveillance cameras we placed in the shop. They're escaping too quickly! Is everything OK?”

There was no reply on the other end.

Panicking, Casper dashed down the stairs and outside. The men he had arranged to lead the assault had all collapsed onto the ground.

The white smoke still hung thinly like a veil over the air. Casper could vaguely detect the smell of chloroform wreathed within the smoke. Once inhaled, it would immediately knock one unconscious.

Surveying his surroundings, Casper decided to play dead and buy himself more time to devise an alternative plan.

There were bodies strewn all over Horington food street. The ten thugs that Stallion had brought along as extra manpower had, too, fallen. Even those seated within the shop had not been exempt from the effects of the smoke.

Casper heard the sound of footsteps approaching him, then felt several pairs of rough hands binding him up.

However, he wisely decided not to resist. Casper relaxed the muscles all over his body as if he were in a deep sleep.

Casper only opened his eyes a tiny slit to watch them when he sensed that they had moved on.

Their enemy's group consisted of a mere five or six men. All of them were attired entirely in white and wore gas masks on their faces.

When they had finished tying everyone up, they dragged the motionless bodies of Casper's group to the entrance of the shop where Casper had been hiding, gathering them in a collective heap.

Sniggering, the man who was standing nearest to Casper said, "They got cleverer this time. They had people lying in wait and had dozens of surveillance of cameras watching us."

"What's the use? We have total control of the electrical supply in this area. They should have saved themselves the trouble, haha! When Logan turned on the fan, that woman's yell was really something."

Another voice replied him haughtily.

"Haha, how could they have let such a scaredy-cat follow along?" The first speaker agreed exultantly.

The two voices chatted idly for a little while longer. A few moments later, a truck pulled up at the entrance of the shop.

“All right, let's get these people up the truck,” The first speaker now ordered, panting with the effort.

“Got it, got it,” The other replied, springing into action.

Casper continued pretending to be asleep, allowing them to toss his body into the back of the truck.

When the men, grunting, had finished transporting the last of Casper's group onto the truck, they paused to take a break. Seeing that they were engaged in conversation, Casper took the opportunity to secretly loosen his bonds.

It was not immediately evident, but Casper could now release himself with a simple shake of his wrists.

As he lay eavesdropping on their conversation, Casper discovered several significant facts about their group.

The group ran an organ trafficking operation. They had concocted the tales of haunting in this street at midnight to explain the mysterious disappearances of their victims.

Their control of the electrical supply also explained why the increased number of surveillance cameras had been ineffective in deterring them.

The lack of any trace of activity had confounded the police. As time passed, the citizens had come to accept it as a matter of course.

Horington food street, however, had earned a reputation for being a dreadful place. As time passed,

passers-by were afraid to linger, then eventually even enter the street.

The organ traffickers, however, stuck to the cover of night for their illegal operations. They carried out kidnappings strictly only after midnight.

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Casper contemplated the situation. Disregarding the few people they had on hand, Casper could not guarantee that no others were hiding elsewhere as a backup. If Casper were to make any rash moves, he was not confident that he could handle the reprisal.

Besides, his allies were all unconscious and immobile. Casper feared for their safety, in any case.

Casper resolved to deal with the men who were in the back of the truck first. He would then proceed systematically to the two in the front.

Having made up his mind, Casper wrenched himself free and leaped up, throwing himself instantly onto the closest man. Casper had put his entire weight into the attack and pummeled the man unrelentingly. He held the firm belief that debased people, such as these organ traffickers, did not deserve mercy.

The man, caught off-guard, immediately crumpled to the ground in a lifeless heap.

The other three men in the back of the truck were left dumbfounded by Casper's sudden assault. They had not imagined that one of their victims would still be

conscious and eager to fight.

However, they quickly recovered their wits, seasoned by their constant exposure to danger and threats of death. "Get him!" The organ traffickers charged at Casper furiously.

Casper aimed a flying kick at one while simultaneously hurling his fists at another. As Casper's calculated punch landed on his arm, the man heard the awful sound of bone shattering.

The man who Casper had kicked flew backward. However, he merely rubbed his belly and dashed forward once more.

Casper was outnumbered but did not look defeated. A casual observer would have assumed that it was all in a day's work for him.

In fact, it was the three men who were struggling to deflect the blunt force of Casper's blows. In desperation, one of the thugs whipped out a dagger and brandished it. Casper, however, had seen the cold gleam of the dagger's blade out of the corner of his eye. With one smooth kick, Casper sent the dagger clattering into a corner on the ground.

Almost instantly, the thug in front of Casper fished out a pistol and pointed it directly at him.

Casper cursed inwardly. However, he flashed a bright smile at the thug and said pleasantly, "Let's talk. There's no need for such weapons."

This wasn't part of the deal! Casper fumed to himself.

The man holding the pistol continued aiming it at Casper. Frostily, he countered, "We hadn't intended to use the pistol. It was only because you suddenly

woke up and somehow got free. We'll have to get rid of you now.”

“I think your smoke wasn't effective enough. I can't help it if you choose to use products of inferior quality,” Casper retorted, shrugging. “I didn't want to wake up, either. However, I'm even more unwilling to give you the pleasure of finishing me off.”

The man turned to his accomplices on either side of him. “Get over there and tie him up again. It won't do for us to maim him. Losing one man is enough of a loss.”

Casper thought quickly, then quipped, “If you need money, why don't you ask my boss for it? He's worth billions. He even owns Horington food street! He's just over there. You can use him to get the money from his family members.”

Upon hearing that one of their victims had a net worth of billions, the organ traffickers froze. The man holding the pistol wavered slightly, then said darkly, “Who would that be? If we find out that you're lying, we'll kill you immediately.”

Casper gave a dramatic sigh. He raised his hands in a gesture of mock surrender, then said earnestly, “Why would I lie to you about something like that when my life's hanging in the balance?”

Casper apologized profusely to Stallion inwardly, then declared, “Our boss is immensely wealthy. He bought over Horington food street because he saw its potential. He was determined to increase its worth by five to six times. Our boss planned to harness the legends surround this place to boost its publicity. We never expected to meet you here.”

The thug holding the pistol appraised Casper with a

skeptical look. Casper returned his glare with a wry smile, saying, "If I knew that this was your doing, I wouldn't have accepted this task. I got myself into enormous debt because of gambling and had no choice but to become a bodyguard."

The guard sniffed contemptuously, then rejoined, "You're rather capable for a bodyguard. Who did you say your boss was?"

"It's that man over there, dressed in a limited edition shirt. The one you've tied up," Casper offered, gesturing in the other direction. The gazes of the three men simultaneously turned to fix on Stallion's inert figure.

Having thus distracted them, Casper reached into his pocket and took out a key, jabbing it into the forearm of the man who was holding the pistol. The sharp end of the key pierced through his skin. The pain that

abruptly shot through the thug's arm incited a yell from him.

Casper dropped to his knees and instantly somersaulted over to where the pistol had fallen onto the ground. The three men found themselves staring down the black barrel of the pistol.

Casper gave a low whistle, then warned, "You'd better not move or I'll fire immediately. Don't come blaming me, then."

The three men glanced at each other, then slowly raised both arms in mid-air.

The man standing on Casper's left, however, made as if to move forward. Without flinching, Casper immediately fired a shot at his shoulder.

Casper sighed exaggeratedly. "Why did you have to

be so rebellious? I told you not to move!”

The other two men had lapsed into a stunned silence. That single shot had been telling of Casper's expert prowess at handling firearms.

Casper stepped forward. “You were with the pistol, weren't you?” He asked, addressing the thug in front of him. “You must have some sort of authority amongst this group. Find a way to stop this truck.”

“It won't stop until we arrive back at our base. It won't stop,” The man mumbled fearfully.

Frustrated, Casper refused to entertain any further negotiations. He immediately fired a second shot, this time at the man's leg.

The thug buckled, then fell to the ground clutching his wound. Through gritted teeth, he managed, “I can't do

anything about it.”

Wordlessly, Casper fired another shot. Without batting an eyelid, he destroyed the other leg of the thug. The thug's howls of agony filled the truck.

Casper now swiveled and pointed the pistol at the last remaining thug, who was already waning with terror.

Trembling, the man had already dropped to his knees and shouted, “I know, I know! You have to rap six times against the walls of the truck, six long raps, and five short ones...”

“Uh huh,” Casper said disinterestedly. “Go ahead and do it, then.”

Despite the chaos that had been going on at the back of the truck, the silencer fitted onto the pistol had prevented the two men in the front seat from realizing that something was amiss.

Casper did not know if the driver and his fellow passenger had any firearms on them. He decided not to undertake any risks. The moment the truck screeched to a halt, Casper immediately grabbed the man who had rapped against the side of the truck and held him close.

A hush descended. Casper and the thug waited with bated breath for a few minutes. At last, the bolt on the outside of the truck shot open.

Suddenly, two men wielding pistols of their own leaped into the back of the truck. Without hesitation, they rapidly fired several rounds. Casper had pulled the man in front of him, using his body as a human shield.

Several bullets struck the thug. With barely a whimper, he died in Casper's arms.

Unfazed, Casper immediately returned fire with two precise shots.

The two gunmen fell. Casper flung the corpse of the thug aside and dashed forward to check on the state of his own crew.

Stray bullets had struck several of them but luckily had missed their vital organs. They would be fine if Casper managed to seek medical help for them on time.

Casper set to work quickly, tying up the organ traffickers who were still alive. He tossed the two bodies unceremoniously in a pile in the corner of the truck. Casper then alighted and surveyed his surroundings. The truck was in a deserted spot, and Casper guessed that they were somewhere in the suburbs.

He briefly thought of the injured men in the back of the truck, then immediately clambered into the driver's seat and sped off towards the city.

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Casper headed straight towards the hospital. After seeing the injured members of his crew into the emergency department, Casper immediately proceeded to the police station.

The size of the truck pulling up at the entrance of the police station elicited the attention of the officers on duty. Casper had entered the police station for less

than a minute when he emerged again, accompanied by a swarm of policemen. Casper sat down obediently, agreeing to have his statement taken down by the police officers.

“This was entirely an accident. I've actually recorded everything. You can take a look at this,” Casper said, retrieving the camera he had kept hidden on his body. The entire incident had indeed been captured on tape from start to end.

When the policeman had verified Casper's tale, he looked up at Casper with a gaze of bewilderment and respect.

The policeman found it rather hard to believe that this fellow sitting cooperatively before him could have single-handedly subdued the thugs, even managing to defeat them in a battle of one against four.

Casper and Stallion were released afterward, with Stallion having received credit for his role in the operation.

It was only after the investigation had concluded that Casper discovered the thugs belonged to a criminal organization that had committed numerous crimes. The criminals that Casper had handed over to the police would be the means by which the law could penetrate the organization and eventually destroy it.

As it was part of the necessary evidence needed to convict the organization and its members, Casper reluctantly left his pinhole camera and its accompanying footage with the policemen.

His plans, however, had been thoroughly shattered. Casper could only publish the recordings when the police concluded their operations.

Casper could only comfort himself with the fact that he had done a good deed. He would have to formulate another plan with regards to Horington food street.

“We've managed to uncover what was going on at Horington food street. Now we just need to find another way to draw the public's attention to it,” Casper said, slightly vexed. He turned to look at Elena hopefully.

Elena, however, was equally clueless. She, too, furrowed her brow with indecision. If only we could have stuck to the original plan! Elena thought mournfully.

Casper stroke his chin thoughtfully. After a while, he admitted, “I can't think of anything, either.”

Elena sighed. “If we can't come up with anything, I'm

afraid that Horington food street will perish in our hands.”

“It won't!” Casper said fiercely. “I'm sure this investigation, once revealed to the public, will ignite their interest in Horington food street. Besides, the policemen said that they would give some credit to us for our role in their operation.”

Elena shook her head regretfully. “Who knows when that will even happen? The police will need time to plan their bust meticulously.”

Stallion yawned lazily, then patted Elena on the shoulder. “Don't fret, Elena. When there's a will, there's a way. Give me three days. I'll surely think of something.”

Casper traipsed back to school, wearied from the eventful night.

Who would have thought that my role in a legitimate business would still have landed me in such a situation? He reflected, bemused.

It was dawn by the time Casper returned to his room. He cracked open the door and tiptoed in to avoid disturbing his roommates. When he reached his bed, Casper sprawled onto it and fell asleep immediately, spent from the night's activities.

When Felix woke up shortly after, he glanced over to Casper's bed out of habit.

Casper was lying curled up on his bed, snoring lightly. Felix shook his head in dismay. Who knows what time that fellow got back last night? He muttered to himself.

It was already noon when Casper awoke. Felix was

sitting in the study gaming, enthusiastically defeating his opponents.

“Felix, why are you always cooped up in here gaming? Why don't you go outside for a walk?” Casper inquired.

Engrossed in his game, Felix replied without turning his head, “Not everyone's as busy as you. There's nothing much for us to do after school's over.”

Casper yawned. He sat against the bed and reclined against the wall, closing his eyes. “Don't say that. You can always find something to do. Why don't you go out on a date with Wendy? Don't stay in your room all the time,” Casper nagged.

Felix snorted. “Wendy's always busy. I've tried asking her a few times, but she's always had something else to do. I don't wish to keep disturbing her. She might

find me annoying.”

As Casper got up from his bed, Felix continued, “By the way, Remy brought some food back from the cafeteria for you. Eat it while it's hot.”

Gratefully, Casper hastily washed up and sat down at the table, ready to tuck in. He was about to take a bite when a thought occurred to him. Raising his head, he called to Felix, “Where's Remy? What's he up to?”

“In class,” Felix responded. “He's at his elective.”

Casper paused, then asked doubtfully, “That can't be. Remy doesn't take an elective, does he?”

Felix was vigorously tapping away on his keyboard as he answered Casper distractedly, “He doesn't, but Remy's fallen for a girl. He's been following her around every day for a while now. Take a look at the

schedule he pasted on his table. It's hers.”

“No way!” Casper roared with laughter. A sly smile flitted across Casper's face as he crossed the room to take a look at Remy's table. A schedule had been neatly pasted there. “Remy's really serious about this, isn't he?” Casper remarked, snickering.

Felix's screen went dark, and he fell back against his seat. He spun around and faced Casper, eager to continue gossiping.

“You haven't seen him? He's a complete slave to her at this point. One frown from her is enough to send him spiraling for half a day. Even the mere mention of her name turns him as red as a tomato. I'm ashamed to see how little dignity he has left,” Felix scoffed.

Casper couldn't help but chuckle in amusement.

“Didn't Remy use to declare that no woman would

ever get the better of him? How could he have fallen so low? He'd better be careful. The deeper he falls, the more it'll hurt.”

Felix nodded sagely in agreement. “That's right. I think we should sit Remy down and advise him as such.”

Casper smiled at Felix's concern. “Let's wait a little while longer. After all, we shouldn't intervene much. He might take it the wrong way.”

Felix concurred. After a moment's rumination, Casper suggested with a twinkle in his eye, “Why don't we go and take a look at who this legendary girl is?”

Felix sprang to his feet. “I think I heard Remy say her name before...It's Jessica something.”

He trailed off, scrunching his face up in an effort to

recall. Casper, however, stared at Felix blankly. “What did you say her name was?” He demanded.

“Jessica... I think it's Jessica Taylor.” Felix said uncertainly.

Casper groaned inwardly. Did Remy really fall in love with Jessica?

He exhaled slowly. Struggling to conceal the tumult of emotion that was rising within him, Casper said, “I've never heard Remy mention the name Jessica before.”

“Uh, I think it was about a week ago. Remy came back to the room last Tuesday saying that he had fallen in love. He went on for quite a while about it,” Felix replied, vividly recounting the events of that fateful day.

Casper desperately searched his memory for the

incident. Wasn't last Tuesday the day I met Jessica for the second time?

Flummoxed, Casper could not decide if it was pure coincidence or a carefully laid trap.

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Casper frowned. He gazed at Felix, then said deliberately, “Felix, have you ever met this girl that Remy is pursuing?”

“I've seen her only once, but from afar. Remy was pointing her out to me and bragging that he would surely win her heart,” Felix replied.

Casper nodded resignedly. “I guess our questions will have to wait until Remy gets back from class.”

When Remy burst excitedly into the room, he was greeted by the sight of Casper and Felix's expectant faces as they sat on chairs facing the door.

Remy's eyes darted nervously from Casper to Felix. “Hey... Casper, Felix, what are you doing? Why are you looking at me like that?”

Despite his momentary apprehension, however, Remy was evidently in high spirits. When Casper and Felix did not reply, he hummed under his breath and turned to the mirror beside the door, fixing his hair.

Felix blinked, then whispered in a low voice, “Did you see that? Remy's paying attention to his looks now! That girl has truly bewitched him.”

Casper sat staring ahead stonily. He had planned to speak but was reluctant to dampen Remy's good mood.

Remy disappeared into his room to change, then raced out to present himself to his friends. “How does this look? Do I look good in these clothes?” He demanded feverishly.

Evading the question altogether, Casper inquired, “Remy, are you planning to go out on a date?”

“That's right! I'm taking my goddess out on a date today!” Remy exclaimed.

Casper looked at Remy gravely, then said in with a tone of disappointment, “Hey, when did you get yourself a goddess? Why didn't you introduce her to us? I didn't take you to be the sort that would forsake

your friends once you found a girlfriend!”

Remy had always been an ardent supporter of friendship. When he saw the look of displeasure on Casper's face, Remy hastily supplemented, “She's not my girlfriend yet! When we get into a relationship, the three of you will be the first people I introduce her to.”

Tentatively, Casper probed, “Felix said her name was...”

Without waiting for Casper to venture a guess, Remy broke in delightedly. “Her name's Jessica. She doesn't look too docile, but she's a very kind girl at heart. When someone mugged me, she was the one who stepped forward and defended me. Don't listen to any rumors you might have heard about her. Once you get to know her, you'll realize what an amazing person she is!” He gushed.

Remy's eyes were radiant with adoration and longing.

Casper did not have the heart to crush his fantasy there and then. He thus merely nodded unwillingly.

Remy, however, was too absorbed in his excitement to notice Casper's adverse reaction. He yelled a quick farewell to Casper and Felix, then practically skipped out of the door.

Felix waited for the door of the room to slam shut before he turned to Casper inquisitively. "What's up? Why are you so interested in Remy's goddess?"

Casper looked grave. "Felix, I'm not sure how to put this, but I think Jessica is using Remy to get close to me."

"Jessica wants to get close to you? Does she like you?" Felix shouted in astonishment. He had not

expected Casper to stoop to engaging in a romantic rivalry with his own friend.

Casper shook his head in frustration. “She's trying to get revenge on me. She only got close to Remy last Tuesday, one day after I humiliated her. She's a vicious creature, and I can't help but worry about what she'll do to Remy. Once, I saw her slap someone who had only spilled a few drops of water on her.”

“If that's the case, we have to tell Remy the truth,” Felix said urgently, pacing the room. “Look at how infatuated he is with Jessica! He'll be devastated. We should tell him as quickly as we can.”

Casper, however, looked ambivalent. “That might not work. You saw what an aggressive stance Remy took with regards to rumors about Jessica. He's made up his mind to side her no matter what. Furthermore, we can't be sure if that incident with Remy was Jessica's

scheme.”

“What should we do, then? We can't stand by idly and watch Jessica turn Remy against us,” Felix commented worriedly.

Casper assented. “We can wait another two days and meet her then. We'll only know what she's up to once we get to see her. Even though Remy's not the smartest fellow around, he's still very loyal at heart. If Jessica is indeed trying to get revenge on me, we'll tear off her mask right in front of Remy!”

Casper vowed to himself that he would not allow Jessica to deceive any of his friends.

On his end, Remy had already arrived at the diner. He straightened his jacket a final time, then took a deep breath and entered.

Jessica had coiled up her hair in a beautiful braid that she then wreathed around her head. She sat reclining against a sofa, waiting for Remy. He approached her eagerly, beaming from ear to ear.

Remy took a seat opposite Jessica, then said bashfully, "Why did you come so early?"

Jessica sat up, flipping open the menu. As she browsed it, she replied leisurely, "I just arrived as well. You aren't late."

Remy was relieved. He had taken great pains to arrive early, knowing full well that Jessica's pet peeve was the lack of punctuality. If he had been late, Jessica would not be seated in the chair facing him.

"What would you like to have? It'll be my treat," Remy said affectionately.

Jessica looked at the menu disdainfully. None of the food listed on it appealed to her.

“Order anything you like,” She answered curtly.

Remy, however, was undeterred by her brief replies. After placing his order, he gazed reverently at Jessica's beautiful face.

Jessica, however, was absorbed with her phone. Without even raising her head to glance at Remy, she remarked, “I heard that you have a rather shabby roommate... Casper, was it? He donated a million recently. Does he indeed have that much money? How was he able to donate such a hefty sum?”

Having uttered her last statement, Jessica looked up. Her sparkling, doe-like eyes instantly floored Remy and rendered him speechless.

He patted his chest and cleared his throat before replying, "That's right, Casper's my good friend. That's not all the money he has. He's also the owner of a restaurant! Have you heard of Tycoon?"

Jessica's gaze was unfathomable. "Tycoon?" She queried.

"Yep, Tycoon was Casper's. It's meant to be a secret, though, so don't tell anyone," Remy said confidently, pleased at the thought of being able to endow Jessica with something.

Jessica flashed a forced smile at Remy as thoughts raced through her head. It looks like there'll have to be a change of plans, She thought to herself.

Aloud, she said, "Of course. I won't say a word to anyone else."

Remy laughed. Flirtatiously, he replied, “I trust you!”

Jessica, however, was doggedly pursuing any information she could lay her hands on. “If Casper was rich enough to open Tycoon, why is he still always dressed so shabbily?” Jessica continued. She wondered if it was merely an eccentricity on Casper's part. “Besides, who is he? Does he belong to a rich and influential family? I've never heard of him before.”

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Remy shook his head and said thoughtfully, “I don't know either; Casper never talks about his family. I don't even know what he's thinking about half the

time. I guess he's just a thrift person.”

The smile froze on Jessica's face. That's it? What about the humiliation I felt? I can't let this go.

Her conflicted emotions were, however, absent from her expression.

Before the atmosphere could become even more awkward, the server came by with their orders. They made small talk as they ate, though Remy was the one initiating the conversation.

He was not puzzled by Jessica's behavior at all; instead, he was glad that she had even bothered to spend time with him, given that she was the heiress to the Taylor family. Some haughtiness was unavoidable.

“I'd like to see this person myself,” Jessica declared

as she smiled meaningfully at Remy. I'm going to destroy their friendship regardless of Casper's background.

Jessica put on the charms after that, much to Remy's pleasant surprise.

When Remy got back to the dorm, he still felt like he was floating on cloud nine.

Felix was slightly concerned when he saw the silly grin on Remy's face.

He glanced at Casper covertly, and the latter approached Remy with a bright smile on his face. "Hey, where did you go? What's got you in such a good mood?"

Remy replied with that silly grin still plastered to his face, "I had a date with the girl of my dreams. It was

amazing.”

“Oh?” Casper's heart sank. She's got him wrapped around her little finger.

Remy continued, “She said she'd like to meet all of you sometime; all of you better be on your best behaviors then. Don't act like a bunch of uncultured hillbillies!”

Felix could not stand Remy's swooning a minute longer and asked, “Hey, Remy. Isn't that dream girl of yours-”

Casper immediately covered Felix's mouth before he could finish his sentence.

Remy stiffened and looked at Casper. “Casper, what's going on? Let him finish his words. What's up with my dream girl?”

“Nothing's wrong.” Smiling awkwardly, Casper removed his hand from Felix's mouth and glared at the latter.

“I heard some rumors about the character of your dream girl. I want you to be cautious, that's all.”

Remy relaxed at his words, though he appeared unconcerned. “We can't control the rumors, but she seemed pretty nice earlier. You'll get a better idea of her personality when you meet her.”

Just then, Colton pushed open the door to their room. He stared at his three friends in confusion.

“What's going on in here? Why is the atmosphere so tense?”

Remy stood up and went over to Colton, patting his

shoulder affably. “Colton, I went on a date with my dream girl today. Aren't you proud of my progress? To think you used to call me a hillbilly! I swear I'm going to make her my girlfriend.”

Colton placed his books on the table and took a seat. “Woah, you're the man! I didn't know you'd wangle a date with her this quickly. You better introduce her to us when it's official.”

“Of course!”

The topic of Remy's love life ended then. Felix looked like he had more to say, while Casper seemed like he could care less about Remy's dream girl.

If she's got something up her sleeve, I'll deal with it then.

Lying back on his bed, Casper unlocked his phone

and clicked on the live-streaming app. Giselle's live stream would begin soon.

As he enjoyed her soothing and melodic voice, Casper sent her multiple gifts on the app.

Soon, he realized he had spent a small fortune.

Thanks to his gifts, Giselle's popularity on the app surged once more, and she gained many fans.

Giselle's handsome earnings and increase in fans were all thanks to Casper.

“Thank you for your support, Mr. Simpson.”

Her sweet voice was practically dripping honey, and Casper could not help but send her even more gifts.

Giselle's live stream ended a while later. Meanwhile,

Casper licked his lips in dissatisfaction.

Since he had nothing better to do, Casper began going over his accounts.

Sh*t, I didn't realize I'd spent so much money.

“Damn it!”

Jumping up from his bed, Casper shook his head and sighed heavily.

“What's up?” His roommates sat up in concern.

Casper shook his head dejectedly and sighed,
“Nothing. At least, it's nothing for you to worry about.”

His heart ached at the fortune he had spent. I wonder how much of it went to Giselle. Live streaming is a lucrative business, man.

Suddenly, a lightbulb went off in Casper's head.

What if I start an entertainment company? The local entertainment scene is still pretty immature; it might be a good investment opportunity.

Casper's mind spun from the countless possibilities.

I should put some thought into it.

With his showbiz ambitions, Casper fell into a deep sleep. He woke up the next day in great spirits.

Casper had come up with preliminary plans regarding Horington food street as well as the entertainment company.

“Casper, are you free tonight?” Just as he was getting ready to leave, Remy's question reached his ears.

“I'm free. What's up?”

Smiling sheepishly, Remy said, “My dream girl wants to meet my roommates, so I was thinking of gathering everyone for dinner tonight. You in?”

Casper agreed without a hint of hesitation, as did Colton, who had been curious about Remy's dream girl as well.

Felix's motives for attending the dinner were, however, different from Colton's. He wanted Remy to see Jessica's true colors.

Remy sighed in relief at their prompt agreements, and he tapped out a reply to Jessica happily.

They fixed the dinner at six in the evening. Casper left to meet Elena and discuss the future development

plans for Horington food street.

“We'll stick to our original plans for Horington food street, but I was thinking of shooting a film there.”

Surprised, Elena blurted, “Shoot a film?”

Why does he suddenly want to make a movie?


Stallion immediately understood Casper's intentions.


“Are you hoping to use the film to promote the food street and attract customers?”

“Bingo!”

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Casper scrolled through his phone for a moment before showing the screen to Stallion and Elena.

“That's right; we're making a movie. I want to make a horror film.”

Stallion shook his head and sighed, “I don't think that's a good idea. People are less superstitious these days; you might be shooting your foot with a horror film. I'd wager you might not even get the approval to produce such a film in the first place.”

A meaningful smile appeared on Casper's face instead. “We'll shoot this film like a live stream. It's the in thing these days, isn't it?”

“Live stream?” Stallion was confused by his idea.

Elena, on the other hand, glanced at Casper's phone. Suddenly, she understood his strategy. “There's a ton of traffic in this live streaming app. Look, there are billions of people browsing the app right now.”

Nodding, Casper elaborated on his plan. “That's right. The popularity of live streams is rising, mainly thanks to how common smartphones have become. I have plans to acquire an entertainment company for the production of live streams on paranormal activities. We can make short movies covering different paranormal phenomena and how they were solved. That way, we can skirt around the issues of superstition as well. What do you think?”

Stallion opened his mouth to utter a single word, “Perfect.”

Elena also nodded in agreement. “I'm on board.”

Casper sighed in relief at their support. He then began assigning tasks to Stallion.

“You're in charge of the acquisition of the company behind this app. We'll rebrand it as Cloud Entertainment.”

He did not know why, but Giselle Clauder's name suddenly invaded his thoughts at that very moment.

“Cloud Entertainment? Shouldn't we name it Horington Entertainment?”

Casper replied, “We'll label it as a subsidiary of Horington Group and stick to the name Cloud Entertainment. Let's budget a billion for the acquisition.”

“Got it, I'll get it done,” Stallion promised.

Casper smiled at Stallion before turning his attention to Elena. “Hire a few assistants to help you with your workload. I want to scout some talented rookie actors for the film. Since we're shooting the film like a live stream, they need to be able to get things right on the first take.”

“You got it,” Elena answered seriously.

He dismissed Elena after doling out his orders.

I'll kill two birds with one stone.

In a chipper mood, Casper caught a bus to their dinner gathering.

Jessica and Remy were now at the forefront of his mind.

She had chosen a rather expensive restaurant that

belonged to the Taylor family.

Casper rushed over when he saw his friends waiting for him outside the restaurant.

“Why did you all wait for me here? You could've gone in first.”

Smiling, Remy said, “You said you were reaching soon, and we were worried that you wouldn't be able to find our table later, so we decided to wait here. Let's head in now; I don't want to keep my date waiting.”

Casper nodded. “Lead the way.”

They followed Remy into the restaurant. Casper and Felix found themselves at the back of the group.

“What do you think Jessica's up to?”

Patting Felix on the shoulder, Casper said, “Felix, don't be so nervous. We don't have a clear idea of the situation yet. Your prejudice against her may be unfounded if it turns out that I was overthinking all along. I don't want to be the bad guy here. You get what I'm saying?”

Felix could only shrug and observe patiently.

“You're here.”

The doors opened to Jessica, who was not wearing her dreadlocks for once.

She wore a long, red dress flattering her figure. Long, luscious curls and bright red lipstick completed the look.

Casper only spared a glance for her before turning

away. After knowing Victoria, no other woman seemed as attractive in the color red. They all lacked the charisma and beauty to pull it off.

Tactfully, he kept these thoughts to himself.

Remy, however, was drooling at the sight of Jessica's get-up.

Used to Jessica's rather juvenile look, he was dumbfounded at her transformation. His heartbeat quickened.

“J-Jessica, you look gorgeous,” Remy blurted.

Sat on the opposite side, Felix was scrutinizing Jessica.

Colton, on the other hand, only had eyes for the dishes on the table.

Smiling politely, Jessica asked, “Won't you introduce us?”

Though she typically behaved in a boisterous manner, Jessica could practice basic courtesy when the situation called for it.

Blushing, Remy stammered, “This is Felix Junger. He's more or less the boss of our dorm.”

Felix nodded at Jessica stiffly, while the latter gave him a gentle smile.

“This is Colton Ziegler.”

“Hello.”

They exchanged glances before looking away.

Colton glanced at her surreptitiously, feeling as if something was not right. His attention, however, quickly returned to the food before him.

Jessica was annoyed by his actions. His eyes have been glued to the table since he first walked in. The dishes must be grades above his usual meals. I guess Casper isn't that nice toward his roommates after all; he owns the Tycoon, for god's sake. He could've treated them to a meal there anytime.

“And this is Casper Simpson.” Remy pointed at Casper, who smiled confidently at Jessica.

A hint of hatred flashed through Jessica's eyes, though she regained her composure quickly. Casper, however, did not miss her expression.

His heart sank as he realized that Jessica was here because of him.

She doesn't even seem surprised by my appearance. I wonder how many things Remy has told her while he was under her spell.

Ignorant of their past, Remy thought his friends got along smashingly with Jessica.

“It's nice to meet you. Remy has talked about you guys pretty often.”

Remy's face lit up with a silly grin.

The disdain almost threatened to show on Jessica's face again, which she immediately hid behind a radiant smile.

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